

## IDENTIFIED.

She strolled through the streets of the country town.  
"Neath her sun umbrella bright;  
Arrayed in a trailing summer gown  
Of texture soft and light.  
Her cheeks were the tint of the sweet June rose,  
Her teeth were white as pearls,  
And she looked to be in her well-made clothes  
The daintiest of girls.  
She gazed about in a lofty way,  
For a lofty look had she;  
And the people wondered every day  
Who the maiden fair might be.  
Then they found she carried a dainty pail  
Each day to the woods near by,  
And hunted there for the bug and snail  
And the bright-winged butterfly.  
Then their wonder ceased, and they went their ways  
To their neighbors to rehearse,  
That a schoolma'am was on her holidays  
From the hub of the universe."  
—N. Y. Press.

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

### Why Mr. Sage Didn't Buy the Old Homestead.

Ma got into a perfect swivel to sell the land. S' 's, "George, now while the boom is ragin' in Virginia, now is the time we may hope for a livin' price for our splendid Spottsylvania corn lan's and magnificent medder bottoms. George, s' 's, 'stir your stumps and sell the lan'."  
S' 's, "Ma, when the pinch comes, you ain't agoin' to get your own consent to part with the old homestead."  
S' 's, "George, now that the niggers are free what is to keep down the bushes and briars? A lone, lorn widow woman and one gray-headed boy of fifty (you know you are fifty, George), can't manage all the lan' and stock we've got. Sell the lan', George, and me and you will board at the Exchange hotel in Richmond, with the bong tong of Virginia, in style."  
"Ma, s' 's, I don't b'lieve you'll part with your gums and gourd, not to live with Queen Victoria and eat oysters three times a day. I think I know you better'n you know yourself."  
Then Ma got mad and cried and said I was "impudent and sassy to her," and I'd oughter "carry out her views and uphold her."

Pa had never crossed her livin', nor nobody else, so it ended in my postin' down to Fredericksburg in my carryall and puttin' the plantation, crops, stock, etc., into the hands of McKay, lan' agent.  
The town was alive with northern capitalists and visitors at that time. Some came to see about their dead, interred in the great union cemetery there, it bein' soon after the war was over. It was like the verse we used to say at school:

"Many came to see the wonder,  
To seek for gold and search for plunder,  
And some few to cast in their lots with ours.  
McKay told me of a couple that got off the train that day. Said the man was polite to his wife and gave Lane Bill a dollar.  
A lan' agent knows how to pick a gentleman right well, though not so well as an old Virginia house nigger. The one who used to tote the wood in for the parlor fire, hang your horse or carry him to water and bring your boots.  
Thinks I: "I'll drive 'em out, and show the premises while ma is in the notion."  
So out I go with Mr. and Mrs. Sage, a nice couple, rich and unhealthy, wanting to try southern air.  
There was a cheerful blaze on the parlor hearth. Ma b'lieves in a little blaze, all the year 'round, though the weather was mighty mild. Injun summer.  
Kesia, the cook, tossed up a little hot dinner in no time, for we were hungry as an army of locusts after our drive. Briled ham 'n' eggs, fried sausage and hockeas, and whilst Ma poured out the coffee and October peaches in the gilt saucers I studied her face.  
To my astonishment she run on about the fashions—a thing she had took no stock in since pa died.  
She wouldn't catch my eye, and I sorter mistrusted her, but carried Mr. Sage all over the plantation, and he was delighted.  
"Just what he was in search of. He wanted everything as it stood, the colts, the calves, hogs, 'bats, boots and all." Thought he would put 'a new barn here, and 'a hay-house there, and 'a vineyard, and 'double the sheep in the medder."  
Him and Mrs. Sage mapped it off like a picture by the time they were ready to leave next day.  
Of course, I drove them back to town, twenty miles of rough roads and mighty busy time of year.  
I and McKay made all the 'rangements for the transfer of the property, and I come on back home.  
Still mistrustin' of ma, I kep' cle'r o' the subject. We both shunned it, and durin' the followin' week I smoked a month's allowance of tobacco, and ma clicked and rattled her knittin'-needles as if life depended on her gettin' that sock finished, and I'll be shot if she didn't knit the leg a yard long.  
By-me-by McKay came drivin' up in a fine double buggy, with Mr. Sage, to pay down the first installment.  
When Cindy ushered 'em in ma dropped her long sock leg and her hands commenced to tremble.  
It was a good sale. We were gettin' all we asked, and a cracklin' price it was; for ma thought her dirt was a sight better'n other folks' dirt. Not a hitch—nowhere.  
All of us set talkin' as friendly as you please 'round the blaze on the hearth. Little black Joe on his own 'sponsibility han's 'round a waiter of maiden blush apples, and Cindy, the house gal, not to be outdone, gits out ginger cakes and a foam'n' pitcher of sweet cider.  
Ma set shakin' and trembly the whole endurin' time.  
Mr. Sage set back in pa's old stuff leather armchair, with heels on the fender like comfort itself, and dilated about the chances he'd mind to make.  
"A hundred Southdown sheep" for

the hill pasture—an' "grainin' forty beavers;" "ten acres in turnips" and "ten in celery," and all such wild talk as city farmers indulge in.

Finally the pen was dipped and handed to ma, but 'sted er takin' it she clinched her hands together hard, and laughin' a tremulous little pitiful laugh, s' 's:

"Mr. Sage, do you know how high corn grows on this plantation?"

S' 's: "No, mum."

"Then I'll tell"—holding her hand a foot above the carpet—"exactly so high and no higher. Then the blades turn rusty and red and flop over like dog ears, and a little nubbin comes the size of my finger."

Mr. Sage sorter smiled, for he had commented on the big cornstubs in the field. Ma gave another dry laugh, and s' 's:

"Your sheep will all die. There ain't enough grass on the uplan' to pasture a rabbit, and the medders are pizenous with chills and fevers, and we're subject to pneumonia and mumps and measles, and it's the worst kind of luck to move at your time of life, anyhow."

Mr. Sage says very gently:

"Madam, I respect your feelin's," and they walked out on the porch.

Then ma bust out in the pitifulest sobbin' and cryin', and she and me had it.

She blamed me, her only son, for wantin' in her old age to turn his ma "homeless and houseless, rootless and a'."

"My son," she says, "the air don't blow so sweet and pure over no other piece of God's earth, and things all so convenient to my hand. I could go to my places the darkest night that comes."

Though I'll swear you'd have to travel a mile to go the rounds of her flower garden, greenhouse, dairy, weavin'-house, ice-house and all the fowl-houses and appurtenances. They were located far apart in old slavery days, to give occupation to the niggers, I suppose.

"And, oh, George, my two babies in the graveyard, and I'd picked out my own place by your pa's side. I'm like an old tree. I can't stand transplantin'." Oh, son, to think of your doin' such a cruel-hearted thing in my old age!

Women may be no great shakes at hard, soun' reasonin', but ma's a very pretty talker, indeed, and, by grabs, I felt sorter so myself and downright aggravated with McKay. What call had he to fly off like a potleg in such a sudden swivel to oust us from the property which had belonged to our generation ever since William the Conqueror, and for aught I know helped him to conquer it?

The honor and glory of settin' up in a stiff-starched collar at the Exchange hotel, hobnobbin' with the Virginia legislators, and the judges, and the bong tong would be but poor compensation for my pack of houn's and blood horses, and the foxes and birds and things I was used to. I would be but a lone, lost boy, cast adrift, even if I did eat oysters three times a day.

"Ain't there no way of gettin' out of this trap?" says Ma, wipin' her eyes on the long sockleg.

"I b'lieve I'd die anywhere else."

"If we pay McKay his commission and persuade Mr. Sage to give out the notion," says I, doubtfully.

"How much is the commission, George?" she asked, eagerly.

"It amounts to ninety-eight dollars and seventy cents, but—"

"George," she spoke quickly, "if you will step out to the stables for awhile I think I can compose my mind and solemnize my thoughts!"

The colts came whinnin' to meet me and rubbed their noses on my shoulder; the calves, the pigs, everything in the yard came at me in a body.

I got a hamper of nubbins and scattered 'em, and somethin' kep' gettin' in my eye, and I thought I would actually blow my blamed nose off, and the more I thought of McKay's officiousness the madder I got. But when I got back to the parlor it was quiet as a church, and there was ma out at the yard gate biddin' the gent'men "farewell." Such was her haste to get them off and away.

My dear old mother! Her eyes shone bright as a young girl's—she's smilin' and lookin' as pleased as if she'd been left a fortune.

Mr. Sage smiled, too, and bowed over her thin, wrinkled hand like a true-hearted gent'man.

Ma had carried all her p'int with Mr. Sage, then ran and got the shobag she had kep' her egg and chicken and butter money in for forty years. She paid McKay the commission and begged and plead with him to go away and never come there on no such erran' again so long as she was on top of earth.—Eva M. de Jarnette, in N. O. Times-Democrat.

Barber and Egyptian.

The character of ancient Egyptian speech is still a matter of discussion among scholars. Very remarkable resemblances have been noted between early Aryan and Egyptian words, as also between the latter and the Turanian vocabularies. A large number of Semitic terms also appear in Egyptian, generally regarded as foreign, but including the names of colors, numbers and others, which it is difficult to suppose would have been borrowed. The syntax and pronouns of the Egyptian are much nearer to Semitic speech than to either Aryan or Turanian, and the view held by the late Dr. Birch, and which appears destined to prevail, is that Egyptian was remotely akin to the earliest Semitic speech. On the other hand, the connection of the Berber dialects with Coptic, and thus with Egyptian, has long been remarked, and was recognized from the first by Champollion when he recovered the vocabulary of the ancient language. As instances of this connection we may quote the names for "lion" (Egyptian, tsam; Berber, izem); for "drink" (Egyptian, sau; Berber, sau); for "river" (Egyptian, au; Berber, au); for "noise" (Egyptian, anu; Berber, anau); and verbs such as "to die" (Egyptian, me; Berber, am); "slay" (Egyptian, nak; Berber, nek); with many others.—The Scottish Review.

## QUAINT CLARA MORRIS.

### The Eccentric Namesake of a Famous American Actress.

Peculiar Circumstances Which Marked Her Arrival at Washington—How She Won Hannibal Hamlin's Friendship—Her Present Occupation.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Everybody who has visited the capitol building within the last thirty years has seen Clara Morris. To see her once is to remember her for all time; for her eccentric dress and quaint mannerisms leave an impression not easily erased from the mind of any one of the multitude of sight-seers who pass through Washington.

Of her first appearance at the capitol, Capt. Bassett, the venerable attache of the senate, has this to say: "Clara Morris came here from New Orleans one day in 1863, when the senate was in session. She took a seat in the ladies' gallery, and I had my attention called to her rather forcibly. She was not fairly seated in the gallery before she unfolded a large American flag and began waving it in honor, as she said, of Henry Clay. I was sitting in my usual seat to the left of the vice president, when Hannibal Hamlin, then vice president of the United States, turned to me and said: 'Captain, what is the matter with that woman? Will you please go and see?'"

"I started at once for the gallery and met her coming down the marble steps. I asked her for an explanation of her strange conduct, and she said she waved the flag in honor of Henry Clay, and asked me by what authority I questioned her. I told her I came from the vice president; and she then asked an audience with the presiding officer. I returned to the senate chamber and told Mr. Hamlin what she had said, although I had no idea that he would leave his desk to see this very peculiar person. However, he was very good-natured about it, and calling one of the senators to take his place in the chair for a few minutes, went out into his room to see her. All of what happened there I do not know, but I do know that he was presented with the flag by Clara Morris and accepted it in the same spirit in which it was offered. He kept the flag and carried it home with him, and often afterwards told me that he put that flag out over his house on every public occasion. His widow still retains it as an historical relic."

Of the past of this peculiar woman, who made her appearance in Washington in such a dramatic manner, little is known; and her antecedents are shrouded in mystery. It is known that she is of French extraction, and that she came to this city from New Orleans during the civil war, drawing public attention to herself in the manner above described, and that all that is known of her prior to the year 1863. Her life in Washington since that time forms an interesting narrative.

Not long after her advent here, she secured through the friendship and influence of Hannibal Hamlin a little recess in a corridor running parallel with the main entrance to the senate chamber. With a complacency and self-assurance which has marked her ever since, she introduced herself to the senate carpenter and induced him to make her a small pine table from some of his spare boards. This she placed in the recess, and upon it laid out a stock of articles calculated to tempt the unwary visitor into purchasing. She had little expensive trinkets, guide books of Washington, pictures of the capitol and other public buildings, and different sorts of figures modeled out of mace-United States paper money. Very soon Clara Morris, as she called herself and came to be called, became a familiar figure around the capitol. From the first, business at her little stand was active and constantly on the increase. In time, as her sales grew larger, she added to her stock in trade and finally

Senator," as the case might be. Thus Clara Morris kept herself ever before them and had no hesitancy in calling upon all her friends when she needed anything. But the location for a larger stand was harder to find than she had thought. Her senatorial allies did all they could to help her in the matter. Their willingness to aid her was apparent, but there really was no place suitable for her purpose on the senate side. Then she reluctantly turned her gaze towards the other end of the capitol, and continued her quest on the house side. Here she was more successful and an excellent place was discovered in the antechamber leading out from the rotunda into the statuary hall. Out of the profits of her little stand in the senate corridor she purchased a counter and show-case and enlarged her stock substantially. That her selection of a stand was a good one was evidenced by the fact that business was active from the start and in even greater proportions than her first venture. Soon she familiarized herself with first the faces, and then the names of the numerous representatives. This, of course, was more difficult than to become acquainted with the fewer senators; but in a very short time it was accomplished and the name of every mem-

ber of congress who passed her stand was called out by the little old French lady. She was very effusive, and kissed the hands, instead of shaking them, of her friends. This was slightly embarrassing at first to those of the more conservative gentlemen who made our laws in those days, but in time every one became accustomed to her ways and no one thought anything of her demonstrations.



"ZAT IS ZE PICTURE OF ROSCOE CONKLING."

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She became warmly attached to Capt. Bassett, the gentle guardian of the decorum of the senate, who was even then an elderly man. Every morning before the meeting of the senate she would leave her stand and proceed in her peculiarly characteristic walk (some people irreverently called it a waddle) to the senate chamber; and, going up to the venerable announcer of messages from the president, present him with a little package of candy done up in the shape of a cornucopia. The captain is particularly fond of candy, as a matter of fact, and then, too, it renders his voice clearer when he stands in the center of the main aisle and calls the attention of the presiding officer to the fact that the president of the United States, by his private secretary, has something to say to the members of the highest legislative body of America. These little visits and the accompanying gift were always looked forward to by Capt. Bassett, and should anything occur to prevent the little French woman from keeping her appointment with him, he would send a page to her stand to learn the reason of her absence. He has always been a friend to and taken an interest in Clara Morris from the day of her appearance in the senate gallery. That she is eccentric he admits, but he is very non-committal when questioned as to his views concerning her mental capacity. That she is smart in a business way and saving to a degree, is made apparent by the fact that since her residence here she has purchased several houses on capitol hill and other property in various portions of the city.

For many years she maintained her stand and her popularity in the ante room between the rotunda and statuary hall. Other stands sprung into existence in all parts of the building, one in her immediate vicinity; but she lost none of her patronage by this competition. Secure in the thought that no one could deprive her of her stand she grew complacent and made little additions in the nature of her stock. All went well until two years ago when Tom Reed was elected speaker of the house. His attention was called to the fact that numerous lunch stands thrived in the great white building and were anything but an ornament to the interior. After due consideration he decided that the pastry and other stands, like the "heavenly Chinese" and the trade dollar, must go. Expostulation and intercession by the friends of Clara Morris were alike of no avail, as the speaker felt that he could not discriminate. So she was informed that she must take her goods and chattels to another market, and one fine morning everything was cleared out and the corridors and recesses permitted to resume their original unobstructed uses as public highways.

Since her eviction the old French woman has wandered around like a lost soul, at last bringing up in the marble room of the senate, where she daily sits and explains to curious visitors that "Zis is demarble room and zat," pointing to a life-size painting of Blaine's most powerful opponent, "is ze picture of Roscoe Conkling."

SMITH D. FRY.

Too Great Punishment.

A woman writer in a southern paper humorously asks someone to "catch the idiot who jokes about the way women throw a stone, and fasten him inside a sixteen-inch corset with a tailor-made basque over it, tightly buttoned from waist to chin." She says: "He might throw stones at us all day under those circumstances. We don't believe he could hit once."—Good Health.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Elsie: "Did you know papa well before you married him?" Mother (sadly): "No, dear, I didn't."—Texas Siftings.  
—"You have never met Miss Gotrox's father, have you?" "Never. He overtook me once, I remember."—Indianapolis Journal.  
—"The Puget Sound oyster weighs sixty pounds. Still the restaurant hog would probably attempt to swallow one."—Toledo Blade.  
—"Fair Warning.—Poet (in newspaper office): 'Have you an efficient staff?' Editor: 'Perhaps not; but I have a very effective club.'—Harper's Young People.  
—"You can't claim," said the man who doesn't care for the rod and line, "that fishing affords exercise." "O, yes, it does," was the reply; "for the imagination."—Washington Star.  
—"Too Much for Him."—They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues." Professor: "All but two—my wife's and her mother's."—Roseland.

—Mrs. Pentwenzel: "Dyspepsia has made me so cranky that it is almost impossible to live with you." Pentwenzel: "Well, wasn't it from eating the things you cooked that I got the dyspepsia?"—Vermont Watchman.

—"The Rev. Dr. Fourthly.—'Has your husband kept unspotted from the world, Mrs. Breezy?' Mrs. Breezy: 'O, yes; I'm the only one who is thoroughly onto him.'—N. Y. Herald.

—"Juvenile Soda Clerk: 'Do you live here, mister?' Customer: 'Yep.' 'Then you'll have to wait until the boss comes back from dinner. I ain't allowed to put up prescriptions 'cept for strangers that's travelin'.'—Indianapolis Sentinel.

—"All Pull.—Bingo.—'I would like to ask you down to my cottage by the sea, old man, but we have only two bedrooms.' Kinkley: 'Oh, that's all right; who sleeps in the other one?' Bingo: 'No one, but my wife has to have that one to hang up her clothes in.'—Cloak Review.

—"Gallant Stranger.—'You are in trouble, miss; permit me to help you.' Beauty in Distress: 'Go 'way, please!' Gallant Stranger: 'All right; but I could fix it in a moment. I've had my suspenders give way lots of times. Here's a pin, anyhow.'—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

—"He (a seaside acquaintance): 'I leave to-morrow, Miss Summergirl. I leave on the 9:40 express, which will bear me away from here and you at the rate of forty miles an hour. Just think of that!' She: 'Forty miles an hour! How nice!'—Harper's Bazar.

—"What are you doing at the marble cutter's so much nowadays, Smith? Not going into that business, are you?" "Hardly. I'm building a monument to Jones." "What! Mrs. Smith's first husband?" "Yes. He lived eight years with my wife. A man who does that has qualities that entitle him to the respect of all ages."—Boston Post.

—"A Hint to Young Clergymen.—'Bishop," said a young Methodist preacher to his spiritual superior, "won't you give me some advice how to gain and keep the love of my congregation?" "Yes, brother," replied the divine. "When you marry select a woman from some other congregation than your own, and be sure that she is not handsome or stylish in her dress."—N. Y. Recorder.

FAMOUS HOLIDAYS.

Some of the Old Anniversaries That Should Not Be Forgotten.

Our Independence day casts into oblivion in this country some famous old holidays and holy days that ought not to be forgotten. Who that speaks familiarly of the "dog days" remembers that the third of the month is the first of these famous days—the day on which Sirius, the Dog star, first comes into conjunction with the sun. July 6 was the old midsummer day; it has lost that honor now, however, June 24 having received it instead, although that is St. John's day, and only three days later than the summer solstice, which marks the scientific beginning of summer. The 7th of this month is the feast day of St. Thomas Becket, who, though a famous saint for years, is now remembered chiefly as the cause of the pilgrimage to Canterbury which Chaucer has immortalized.

Saint Swithin's Day came on the 15th of the month; if it rains then, it will rain on the forty days following. Swithin was bishop of Winchester, and died July 2, 862, leaving directions that he should be buried in the churchyard of his cathedral, so that the rain might fall on his grave. Some years afterward the monks desired to move the remains into the cathedral and fixed on July 15 for the translation, but for forty days it rained steadily, so that they could not open the grave, and at the end of the fortieth day they decided that the saint preferred to stay out in the wet.

St. Margaret's Day is celebrated on the 20th. She was a maiden of Antioch, loved by Olybrius, but she refused him because he was a pagan. He tried to put her to death with cruel torments, but an earthquake prevented the tortures, and a dove from heaven set a crown of gold upon her forehead, whereat five thousand spectators were converted to Christianity. But Olybrius executed her just the same. She is the patroness of women in child-birth, succeeding Juno, who, under the name of Lucinda, was prayed to by the Roman mothers.

St. James and St. Christopher share July 25 between them. In some parts of England the apple trees are blessed on this day, which is said also to mark the success or failure of the hop crop.

St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, is worshiped on July 26. She was the third daughter of Matthew, a priest, and Mary, his wife, and was married to Joachim in Galilee. Their wedding ring was kept by the nuns of St. Anne in Rome, and worked miracles. It was stolen during the sacking of the city in 1524, but was brought back by a crow, which laid it upon a stone where the nuns found it.

The last day of the month is the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the wonderful Society of Jesus, who died on this day in 1556. Certainly this month ends nobly, with the holy day of one of the most remarkable of theological and religious leaders that the world has ever known.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Clusters of clover, if hung in a room and left to dry and shed their perfume through the room, will drive away flies.

—Soups.—A few sliced potatoes and any other vegetable convenient, with a little rice and an onion added to the soup stock will make a good soup with very little time and trouble. Season carefully to suit taste.—Housekeeper.

—Pickled Salmon.—Soak the salmon twenty-four hours, changing the water, put in boiling water with a little vinegar. When done and cold, boil your vinegar with spice and pour over the fish.—Home Magazine.

—To hasten the cure of a burn or scald, there is nothing more soothing and effective than the white of an egg. It is contact with the air which makes a burn so painful. The egg acts as a varnish and excludes the air completely and also prevents inflammation.

—To restore steel blued by heat, dip it into pure muriatic acid. Test by dipping a piece of refuse polished steel into it; if it destroys the polish reduce the acid with rain water until it will not. Then dip the article to be restored into the weakened acid.—Detroit Free Press.

—Cottage Cheese.—Set a pan of clabbered sour milk over the fire, scald until the whey separates, pour into a strainer and squeeze dry, put in a dish, season with salt, a tablespoonful of butter and sweet cream enough to moisten, mix well, make into balls and set in a cool place.—N. Y. Observer.

—Cherry Charlotte.—Stone and stew some Morella cherries; to each pound of cherries add three-quarters of a pound of sugar and one teaspoonful of flour, mixed smoothly with a little water. When the fruit is done, butter some baker's bread, lay it on a dish, spread some of the stewed fruit over it, then put another layer of bread and fruit; cover the top with the fruit. This is very nice served with cream.—Boston Budget.

—Nickel-Plated Tableware.—One subscriber asks me about nickel-plated tableware. Several years ago I bought a dozen nickel-plated tablespoons to use in my lectures, because they seemed so much stronger than plated ware. I found that the nickel melted and peeled off when exposed to a high temperature, making the spoons rough and unsightly. A dealer told me a few days ago that this ware is not made now because of this flaw.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Apricot Ice.—To a quart of fresh, ripe apricots allow a quart of clarified sugar or about a pint and one-half of simple sirup. Grate or press the apricots through a sieve, mix them with the sugar and freeze. Then add the whites of two eggs that have been stiffly beaten and sweetened with two ounces of sugar, mix the meringue thoroughly into the ice, and set the latter away, carefully packed, for an hour before using.—Good Housekeeping.

—Rice Cream.—Bake an ounce of rice in half a pint of milk with a little cinnamon; when done, remove the skin from the top. Dissolve one-fourth ounce of gelatine, previously soaked in two tablespoonfuls of cold milk, in half a pint of boiling milk, add the yolk of an egg, four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar; stir over the fire for five minutes, mix with the rice, pour it into a mould and let it remain until set. More or less sugar may be used as desired; the above quantity will make the cream rather sweet.—Good Housekeeping.

## FASHIONABLE FINERY.

Seasonable Fads and Fancies in the Jewelry Line.

Iridescent single petaled roses are among the new brooches.

Large turquoise brooches in shape like fleur-de-lis are new.

"The Baby's Friend" is a little silver box to hold baby's safety pins.

Frosted silver has taken a fresh impetus, probably because it looks cool.

Silver bracelets in heavy links and corresponding to popular styles in gold are produced in numbers.

Smoking sets of frosted silver are ornamented with flowers in enamel. The fancy is for such delicate blossoms as the May flower.

Rings have scroll work set obliquely in small diamonds, with a large colored pearl in the center. This is a new and very pretty fashion.

Cone shell hearts, double and single, mingled with pearls, make the prettiest of new summer pins, and are by no means expensive.

Large oval sleevebuttons of white lusterless enamel are powdered with tiny gold disks. This is one of the handsomest of the new designs.

Oblong brooches containing the name of Jeanne, Ida, Lucie and the like, in a lot of ornamental wreathing, is an English fancy that has come in.

There is some pretty new gold jewelry. It is floral with a fine rough finish, if the term may be allowed, and rich in color. There is an attractive likeness about it.

Men's loosely-worn watch chains in some instances have the different sections treated so as to give coppery tints, yellow, steel, blue, and as a novelty are very pretty.

Silver bead necklaces are in demand for summer wear. They are in single strands, but prettier and more desirable are collarettes of three or more strands and small in size.

The moonstone is in abeyance, but several pretty new fancies are found in this stone. One is a flower brooch in which moonstones are shaped into the petals. The same form appears in red semi-precious stones.

One of the prettiest new silver hairpins has on an enameled pansy as its ornament. The petals of the flower are raised and charmingly suggest the natural flower, but only in form. Otherwise the petals are of pale blue enamel with ornamental silver tracery.

Brooches consisting of sprays of fine enamel flowers variously tinted and with a jeweled center are seen. That is to say the different flowers on one stem, shaped like a forget-me-not, shade into pinks, blues and purples. They are prettier than solid sprays of one color.—Elsie Bee, in Jeweler's Circular.